

The Tragedie of Hamlet

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Ham*,
The drink, the drink, I am poysoned.

Ham. O villaine! hoe let the dore be lock't,
Treachery, seek it out.

Laer. It is here *Hamlet* thou art slaine,
No medecine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenuom'd, the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe here I lye
Neuer to rise againe: thy mother's poysoned,
I am no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ha. The point enuenuom'd to, then venom to thy work
All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestious damned *Dane*,
Drink of this potion, is the Onixe here?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iustly serued, it is a poison temperd by him-
Exchange forgiuenesse with me noble *Hamlet*, (selfe
Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death
Is strikt in his arrest. O I could tell you!
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause aright
To the vnsatisfied.

Hora. Neuer belceue it;
I am more an antike *Roman* then a *Dane*,
Heer's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen I'll hate,

Prince of Denmarke.

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
If thou didst euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this? *A march a farre off.*

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young *Fortinbrasse* with conquest come from *Poland*,
Th'Embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,

The potent poyson quite ore-growes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
But I do prophesie the election lights
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with th'occurrants more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet
And flight of Angels singe thee to thy rest. (Prince,
Why does the drum come hether?

Enter Fortinbrasse, with the Embassadors.

Fortin. Where is this sight?

Hora. VVhat is it you would see?

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily hast strooke?

Embas. The sight is dismall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'd,
That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* are dead,
Where should we haue our thanks?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But since so iump vpon this bloody question

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